

Republican City Caucus.

The Republican voters of the city of Stillwater on Wednesday evening, July 3rd, 1873, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of selecting 12 delegates to the Republican County Convention to be held at the County House on Thursday, July 10th, 1873, at two o'clock p.m.

FAYETTE MARSH,
E. A. POISNER,
June 26, 1873. City Committee.

Republican Co. Convention.

The Republican County Convention for the County of Washington will be held at the County House on Friday evening, July 10th, 1873, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of choosing 12 delegates to the State Convention to be held in St. Paul, July 16, 1873.

The appointment of delegates which has been heretofore made is based upon the republican vote for Governor in 1872, one delegate for each 40,000 votes and under fraction thereof, under which the town will be allowed the following delegates:

Afton, 2 Stillwater Town, 1 Baytown, 1 Marine, 1 Stillwater, 1 Woodbury, 1 Denison, 1 Oakdale, 1 Onoka, 1 Lakewood, 1 Woodbury, 1 Stillwater City, 13

By order of Republican County Committee.

ORANGE WALKER,
Chairman of the Committee.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that the Board of Education of Cincinnati may prohibit the reading of the Bible and interdict all religious teaching in the public schools of that city.

Jesse R. Grant, the father of the President, died June 29th, from old age and debility, being nearly 80 years of age. He was a kind-hearted man, quiet and unostentatious in his habits and manners. He discharged his duties with fidelity and honesty.

HARVARD College, on the authority of the Nation, has received more than four hundred applications for admission to the next Freshman class, which is a feature entirely without precedent in the educational history of the country. A dozen years ago all the under-graduates in the four classes at Harvard hardly exceeded the number of 100.

COLONEL PAULDING.

Colonel E. E. PaULDING, principal proprietor of the St. Paul Pioneer, died in New York on Saturday last. He was an ornament to his profession, and a man whose loss can easily be repaired.

HIRAM POWERS, the great American sculptor is dead. He died in Florence June 27th. His name has been a household word for years. He was the representative of American art abroad. He was worthy of all the honor conferred upon him. His genius was recognized by all. He went to Italy in early life, and there never found time to visit his native land. He was a citizen of whom any nation might be proud. America can not repair the loss of such a man.

THE WALWORTH MURDER CASE.

The testimony in this case already proves that whatever opinion we may have of the son, the father was a desperado, if not a lunatic. Perhaps he ought not to have been shot, but sent to prison or to the insane hospital. His letters to his wife are simply horrible, full of profanity and obscenity.

The plan of insanity put in by the defendant's counsel was unnecessary, so far as public opinion goes. The public mind has decided that justice was done, even if the law was violated. We shall not be surprised if the jury come to the same conclusion.

LATER.—The jury in this case have given in a verdict of murder in the second degree. Walworth receives his sentence to-morrow.

EDUCATION.

By one of the various obstructions which have hitherto stood in the way of women in their advance toward a higher education and more thorough culture are being overthrown. The partial admission of women to the privileges and advantages of Harvard, and the promotion to offices in the civil service of the country of ladies who have passed successfully in a competitive examination, prove that opposition to women in regard to equal privileges and equal opportunities is on the decline. And now comes the Northwestern University of Chicago, which has admitted to its government body five women, and has thereby removed all discrimination in the conduct of its courses.

We see no objection to this and we sincerely hope that the time is not far distant, when women shall be admitted to all the privileges of our institutions of learning.

A wicked man in Davenport, having on his deathbed, wished to consult some proper person regarding his future state, and his friend sent a fire insurance agent to him.

"I'm not in mourning," said a young lady, frankly, to a young querist, "but as the widows are getting all the offers nowadays, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 44.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 928

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WHAT THEY KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

The following article relative to S. P. Jenison, Secretary of State, and candidate for re-nomination, is from the Austin Transcript, the editor of which, A. A. Harwood, has been a standing candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction for the last half decade:

"In our issue of two weeks ago, we said, referring to the withdrawal of Governor Austin from the political field, 'It seems to us that Johnson would look at the matter as it is seen by almost every one else, that he would cease to be a candidate for Secretary of State.'

"This excites the ire of the Sec-

retary, and he utters words as say-

ing that the Journal of the Senate, at the Session of 1872, was not in all respects perfect, al-

though he declares the assistant secretary was paid for keeping a full and correct journal, and that we were paid also for revising and correcting it. It is Mr. Jenison who ever heard of a Legislative Journal being *strictly accurate*, some vague report has reached his ears which never gained general circulation.

"He tried to be a left-

hand favor last winter, and when

the members of the Senate were

engrossing the question of officers

for the session, the gallant Secre-

tary took a copy of our last journal

and showed it to each of the Sena-

tors, pointing out alleged er-

rors. He continued to labor thus

in his interests until the caucus, when we received 18 votes and Mr. Jenison's candidate 5.

The next morning when the Senate con-

vened, we received the vote of

every Senator present. We guess

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

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FAIRY MARSH,
E. A. FOLSON,
Chairman.

June 26, 1873.

Republican Co. Convention.

The Republican County Convention for the County of Washington will be held at the Court House in the city of Stillwater on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1873, at 2 o'clock p.m. for the purpose of choosing 13 delegates to the State Convention to be held in St. Paul, July 16, 1873.

The department of delegates which has been appointed is based upon the republican vote for General Grant in 1872, one delegate cast 40 votes and a major fraction thereof, under which the names will be selected by the following delegates:

Austin, 2 Stillwater Town, 1 Baytown, 1 Marine, 5 Newell, 1

Deacon Grove, 3 Newell, 1

Grant, 1 Duck, 1

Lakeland, 2 Woodbury, 2

Stillwater City, 13

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This excites the ire of the Secretary, and he retorts upon us, saying that the Journal of the Senate, of the Session of 1872, was not in all respects perfect, although he declares the assistant secretary was paid for keeping a full and correct journal, and that we were paid also for revising and correcting it. If Mr. Jenison is well known to the public, which possesses the public mind best tools of monopoly may, under false pretenses, secure places of trust. This is exploitation; and may be considered some sort of an excuse for the charge which, in its application to Mr. Washburn, is peculiarly absurd.

It is well known that Mr. Washburn, both in the legislature and in public and private, has always insisted upon the power and duty of the State to prescribe freights and fares, and to supervise and regulate all the railroads in the interests of the people. No man in Minnesota is more identified with the movement to compel the reformation of railroad abuses than he, nor is there a citizen whose personal interests require it more.

So far as being largely interested in railroads, he has no interests whatever in any railroad. The only interest he ever had was to join with other resolute and public spirited citizens of this city to push through the construction of the St. Louis and Duluth roads to create competition and to relieve our people from the extortions and discriminations of the only road that then connected us with the East.

Indeed Mr. Washburn has already put himself on record, so definitely as to admit no ambiguity. The present railroad law of this State, now being resisted by the roads, a law fixing the rates for freight and passengers, was reported from a committee of which Mr. Washburn was a member in the legislature of 1871, was advocated by him in debate, was voted for by him on its passage.

It is well known that he is deeply interested in seeing the law executed, and the roads defeated in any struggle with the people.—Minneapolis Tribune.

He would be Secretary-for another term, speaks of a bill as having failed to become a law, because it was by accident sent to the committee before it went to the printer. He is in error. The thing failed because it was known as "Jenison's bill," and not for the want of time to consider it. It could not survive the circumstances of its origin. But it occurs to us that the people prefer to have the candidate tell something about himself. That he may not seem to be egotistical in so doing, we make one or two statements, merely to attract attention, and then proceed to ask a few questions. He was once chief clerk of the House of Representatives. It was in 1871. Colonel Merriam was Speaker, and he left for New York within a day or two after the close of the session. Now will the candidate tell the people whether or not, in his request, before leaving the Speaker signed some money certificates in blank, for the then clerk, to use in paying for extra clerical services? It is difficult to be disappointed and to lament their credulity.

Gentlemen of the Democracy, we tell you plainly that your cause is hopeless. Neiller Grangers, our sons of a few men inside its ranks will destroy that party which has been so often held out, and in itself, the power of as many victories in the future as it has achieved in the past. The party which has been so despised by all, those who have been unsparsingly denounced, and all the resolutions adopted have that ring of the true metal in them.

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Postmaster Cutler received the following letter a few days ago:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
APPOINTMENT OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 19, 1873.
P. M. Stillwater, Washington Co.,
Conn.

Sir:—Your letter of the 16th inst. is just received, and I will state in reply that, on and after the 1st of July next, it will be your duty to collect postage upon all mail matter coming to your office for delivery upon which postage has not been paid.

Legislative publications mailed at your office, to regular subscribers, should be forwarded, the postage to be collected at the office of delivery; but the post office, nevertheless, it is still our opinion that he had better withdraw from the field.

I, D. C. Granger, was a Granger, then a Postmaster, and now a Postmaster.

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Legislative publications mailed at your office, to regular subscribers, should be forwarded, the postage to be collected at the office of delivery; but the post office, nevertheless, it is still our opinion that he had better withdraw from the field.

James M. Patten, the notorious Patten, was arrested on Tuesday at Leavenworth on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. His accusers charge him with taking more than his share of the proceeds of the late lottery. He was on his way to Europe, where his family are, and the old gentleman was very much chagrined at finding himself in the charge of a policeman, but is plucky, and says he will return to Omaha and clean out his accusers. The impression prevails here that he has carried on a wholesale swindling operation for years.

Respectfully yours, etc.,
JAMES M. PATTEN,
At 1st First Ass't. P. M. Gen'l.

The Prussian veteran, Gen. Von Aschylus who is also as bold as Aschylus or Julius Caesar, is much annoyed by applications from Tentor ladies, for looks of him.

Nashua, N. H., having gone to the expense of two steam fire engines, now discovers that the whole water supply of the city will only keep one of them going for ten minutes.

Young men declare that the beauty of an ocean voyage is that you can get as tight as you please, and the people will think you are only sea sick.

Gov. Hartman of Pennsylvania, in a velvet dress, will stand at his piano over one hundred feet high to let the clavier and hand organ play for him.

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Our stock is commended to the West Wisconsin railway to relay its track to the village of Tomah. Gov. Washburn has purchased the Lowry Warehouse at Washburn, and will soon permanently take up his residence there, with a view of entering largely into the wheat business. The Herald, from certain indications, thinks purchases will be made for the English market, and shipped direct via Duluth and Montreal.

Mr. W. H. Hoag, backed by eastern capitalists, has purchased the Lowry Warehouse at Washburn, and will soon permanently take up his residence there, with a view of entering largely into the wheat business. The Herald, from certain indications, thinks purchases will be made for the English market, and shipped direct via Duluth and Montreal.

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MISSING ISSUE OR PAGE

Issue Missing or Damaged

Place of Publication: Stillwater

Title: MESSANGER

Date: July 4, 1873

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Date of 1st request: _____

Date of 2nd request: _____

Publisher unable to furnish issue.

Dist Society

The Messenger.
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Republican State Convention

The Fourteenth Annual Republican State Convention will be held at St. Paul, WEDNESDAY, THE SIXTEENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1873, at 12 m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following State officers, to be voted at the next general election, viz:

GOVERNOR,
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
STATE TREASURER,
ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The convention will be convened at the following delegations:

Austin..... 3 Miles Lass..... 2
Anoka..... 3 Morrison..... 2
Becker..... 3 Mower..... 2
Hennepin..... 2 Nicollet..... 2
Blue Earth..... 2 Nicollet..... 2
Brown..... 9 Nobles..... 2
Dakota..... 10 Otter Tail..... 2
Carlton..... 2 Pennington..... 2
Carver..... 2 Pine..... 2
Cass..... 2 Polk..... 2
Chicago..... 4 Pope..... 2
Chippewa..... 5 Pipestone..... 2
Clay..... 2 Redwood..... 2
Cottonwood..... 3 Rockville..... 2
Crown Wing..... 3 Rockville..... 2
Dakota..... 10 Rock..... 2
Dodge..... 2 Rock..... 2
Douglas..... 5 Rock..... 2
Fonda..... 1 St. Louis..... 2
Garfield..... 12 Stearns..... 2
Fillmore..... 2 Sibley..... 2
Freight..... 2 St. Louis..... 2
Goodhue..... 12 Stearns..... 2
Grant..... 2 Steele..... 2
Hennepin..... 12 Stevens..... 2
Isanti..... 2 Todd..... 2
Itasca..... 2 Traverse..... 2
Jackson..... 2 Wabasha..... 2
Kandiyohi..... 3 Waseca..... 2
Lac qui Parle..... 2 Watonwan..... 2
Lake..... 2 Wilkin..... 2
Le Sueur..... 2 Winona..... 2
Lyon..... 2 Yellow Medicine..... 2
Marin..... 4 Yellow Medicine..... 2
Meeker..... 2

The delegation of Delegates which has been fixed upon, is based upon the Republican vote for General Grant in 1872; one delegate for each 250 votes a major fraction thereof, and also one for each county at large.

Officers of County Committees or local Clubs will be entitled to naming one or two members of the State Committee the names of delegates as soon as adopted by County Conventions, so that printed rolls may be prepared for the use of the Convention.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee.

C. STEPHENS, Chairman.

R. N. McLELLAN, Secretary.

Dated St. Paul, May 24, 1873.

From a gentleman from Goodhue county we yesterday learned that the delegation from that county would probably not support Mr. Jenison for Secretary of State. "A prophet," etc.

The leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire nominates for its presidential ticket in 1876, Gen. Hancock for President, and Wm. S. Grosbeck for Vice President. There is time enough to think about this hereafter.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.
It is really amusing at times to notice the silly arguments which are used in certain localities against candidates for office from some other place, simply because they are from another place. And these arguments are more or less of place when the person against whom they are used has always been a hard worker in his party, has supported its measures, and helped to build it up.

We were more fully convinced of the folly of such reasoning, the other day, while listening to some of the reasons which are governing the people of Ramsey county to their opposition to Mr. Washburn as a candidate for Governor before the R-Publican Convention which is soon to assemble.

KIDNAPPED.

Another spicy episode has transpired in the same Lord Gordon matter, which is even more interesting than any that has yet occurred in the very remarkable comedy in which Gordon has played the leading part. It is known that in the suits in the New York courts growing out of a large financial transaction in which Jay Gould and Lord Gordon figured, the latter was held to bail in a large sum for his subsequent appearance, and that he has since failed to answer the charges preferred against him. Upon Gordon's bail bond were Marshal O. Roberts and the late Horace F. Clark of New York, and the amount of the bond is said to be among the hundreds of thousands of dollars. It has therefore been a matter of some importance to the gentlemen who endorsed Lord Gordon to secure his person, which in New York would relieve them of immense pecuniary loss.

After extraordinary efforts and the expenditure of considerable money, Lord Gordon was finally discovered to have taken up his abode in Manitoba, and the next move was to inveigle him into jurisdiction of the United States, and to this end the detectives have been employed to exercise their talents.

The first move in this direction was made public in the Press a few weeks ago, when three individuals, who ingratiated themselves into the confidence of Lord Gordon, and were employed by him in various capacities, managed to steal from him \$41,000 in United States bonds, which were at once brought over the line and transferred to the detective office.

A double purpose is supposed to have prompted this movement; first, to secure enough means to act in any such way as indicated above? No person unprejudiced

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 45.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 929

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The convention which meets in St. Paul next Wednesday to nominate candidates for State officers promises to be as exciting as any which have been held in times past. The people throughout the State are taking a deep interest in the selection of their officers, and we believe the convention will place in the field an unusually strong and able ticket.

For Governor Hon. W. D. Washburn seems to be considerably ahead, and his friends think it quite probable he will be nominated on the first ballot.

Davis and Armstrong are developing considerable strength, though many of the friends of the former will support Mr. Austin if his candidate promises to be successful. Whether Mr. Austin has been playing the "declining" dodge, or whether his support is the spontaneous action of the people, we have no means of knowing. But there is reason to believe that he will not refuse the nomination, if tendered him.

Though his candidacy is not authoritatively announced, we are disposed to believe that Lieut. Gov. Hale would not object to the use of his name when the time comes to nominate his successor. The nomination for Governor, however, will practically decide who is to be President of the Senate.

STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

This convention has just closed its session at Minneapolis, has been a great success. The attendance ranged from 1,000 to 1,500. Dr. Vincent of New York, A. K. Burnell of Ill., and F. J. Hartley of Loudon were present and added much to the interest of the convention.

MINNEAPOLIS SOLD AT AUCTION.

The Falls of Minneapolis, immortalized by Longfellow, together with several thousand acres of land in the vicinity, were sold last week at auction, the whole realizing nearly \$300,000. Previous to the sale the Minneapolis Tribune published a lengthy poem by Peleg Wales, after the style of Longfellow, on the proposed sale, which the Falls of Minneapolis sold at auction!—Minneapolis, Minn. sold at auction—ha-ha!

The Dakota's Laughing Water

Up the spent and sold at auction!

"Who bids? Just a going-going?"

For the Arrow-makers—hated—

For the dandy lodgings—

For the drink-man, Rep-toe,

For the picture-taker, Foto,

For the sick bear, Mische-Moksa,

Which still eats the ginea cooky,

But no more stands on his hind legs,

Or climbs up his pole, the Popla,

Causes he is too weak to do it.

For the fox, the Kan-nan-fel-ka,

For the invalid, the Hedge-hog,

And quills of the Kagh, the Hedge-hog,

For the swing, where the kinn-some,

Bond to do the thing that's handsome,

Sweat to bring their blushing sweet-hearts—

hearts—

Till the dancin' fain acknowledge

For the wigmam, where the Lin-kin,

Notakin to the Dakotahs,

Offers lodgin' and refreshment,

To both man and beast refreshment,

Drowns the strawberry, the Odabun,

In the cream, the Moos-neets,

And then pockets twenty-five cents.

All of these are up at auction—

Up at auction on a mortgage!

Such a things bals, by Thunder!

By the Thunder, Aw-me-keek!

Should you ask whence my surprise is,

Whence this sudden exclamation,

I should answer, I should tell you,

That it seems rough on the injun.

—

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

Mr. Beecher has given an unqualified denial to all stories which in any way affect his moral character, and he has invited all persons a having any of his letters and any who may be possessors of secrets which affect him, to come forward and make what they can out of them. Mr. Beecher in doing this will be suspected of being guilty. But having entered his emphatic denial, he stands better in the public estimation and public opinion. Certainly no sane person will for a moment put the assertions of the degraded and infamous Woodhull, against the statement of Henry Ward Beecher. It is surmised that neither Bowen nor Titon would have been so critical on Mr. Beecher, had not he ignored the Independent and favored the Christian Union.

Time works wonders. It has already brought to light the fact that in the Credit Mobilier case, both Colfax and Garfield were more sinned against than sinning. In reference to Mr. Colfax, new and important evidence has just come to light. Mr. John T. Drew, a lawyer of Washington, who has been in Europe during the past year, has returned since the adjournment of Congress, and has sent to Judge Polan a statement setting forth in positive terms the fact that he was with Oakes Ames when the latter presented the "S. C." check, that he saw the check, saw the cashier pay it, and saw Mr. Ames hand the money to a gentleman in the lobby. Mr. Drew says he is not mistaken, and is ready to prove his statement correct on oath.

So one by one the clouds hang over the names of those we have delighted to honor are being cleared up. Rascality will stoop to any meanness, and when a man is being dragged down he likes to pull others down with him.

and of a sane mind would reason in that manner. The past history of Mr. Washburn repudiates any such idea.

Minneapolis has, with perhaps a single exception, given large Republican majorities. She has never pressed her claim on his plundered vanities, and thus placed herself within reach of his pursuers.

Both these schemes, however, failed. Either the \$11,000 was of no particular consequence to the wealthy Gordon or else he was too sharp to fall into a trap set for him, and so measures were at once taken to capture Gordon himself.

Mr. Roberts has been spending some weeks in St. Paul and Minneapolis, but whether he has come up here on this particular business or merely to enjoy for a while the delightful climate and picturesque scenery of the Upper Mississippi, is not known. It is known, however, that a deeply laid plan has been concocted to kidnap Lord Gordon from the dominions of Queen Victoria, and transfer him to the control of the New York Courts.

About ten days ago, Mayor Brackett of Minneapolis, who is a friend of Mr. Roberts, and who claims to be no novice as a detective, concluded that he would capture Lord Gordon, and laid him over as a present to his distinguished friend. Accordingly Mr. Michael Hoy, and another brave Minneapolis man, whose name has escaped us, were dispatched to the Red River country, with a bundle of papers, among which was the necessary authority to employ Messrs. Merriam and Farnier Fletcher, also of Minneapolis, as special attorneys and assistants in the great work on hand.

Merriam and Fletcher have been up to the Falls of the Red River engaged in some lumbering operations, but they suddenly dropped their private speculations, and cheerfully joined the Lord Gordon kidnaping force.

These four men—Hoy, his companion, Merriam and Fletcher—then crossed into Manitoba, found Gordon fifteen miles west of Fort Garry, whereupon they at once proceeded to seize him, and with all his movable possesssions, and with the flush of victory and success animating their movements, they started on their return journey.

Their jubilation, however, was very short-lived, for Gordon seems in some manner to have completely outwitted them. He managed to notify his friends at Fort Garry of his perilous position, whereupon Dr. Brown and a number of his companions rallied to the support of Gordon, and after racing him they took the four smart Minneapolis detectives to Wimpy peg where they were securely locked up in jail.

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A double purpose is supposed to have prompted this movement; first, to secure enough means from

Gordon to indemnify the men

who had committed the theft,

and secondly to get him into

trouble with the law.

It is known that he has no influence with the law, and that he is

not likely to shield him.

While he withheld a denial of the charges made against him, so long would he be suspected of being guilty. But having entered his emphatic denial, he stands better in the public estimation and public opinion. Certainly no sane person will for a moment put the assertions of the degraded and infamous Woodhull, against the statement of Henry Ward Beecher. It is surmised that neither Bowen nor Titon would have been so critical on Mr. Beecher, had not he ignored the Independent and favored the Christian Union.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1873.

THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY JAMES FORTON.

We catch the first view of this unhappy lady on a bright May day in 1778, when she took part in a gay and splendid pageant at Philadelphia. She was then a beautiful girl of eighteen—Miss Margaret Shippin—the daughter of an opulent and ancient Philadelphia family, and one of the swinging belles of that town. Her ancestors were among the first settlers in Pennsylvania, and her great-grandfather was the first Mayor of Philadelphia. In the course of time the family had acquired great possessions, and laying aside their Quaker garb, became members of the Church of England. During the controversy between the thirteen colonies and the King, which ended in the Revolutionary war, Edward Shippen, her father, the head of the family, was destined to the King's side.

It was May the 18th, 1778. For many months the British army had been quartered in Philadelphia, commanded by Major-General Sir William Howe. The General had now been superseded, and was about to return to England. The officers of the army—a wealthy class, who had nothing to do—soaked the occasion of his retirement to amuse themselves by giving a grand festival in his honor; and this was the day on which it was held.

The affair began with a grand regatta upon the Delaware river, or rather a long procession of galleys and barges, filled with officers and ladies, which were rowed slowly down the whole length of the city, in an avenue formed by the shore crowded with spectators, and a line of men-of-war and transport ships, gaily dressed with flags and streamers. At half-past four in the afternoon, the barges began to move, the oars keeping time to the martial music, and when they had arrived opposite Market street, they all laid on their oars while the band played "God Save the King," after which the soldiers gave three cheers. Continuing their course the company were conveyed past the city to where a grand tournament was to take place; and it was in this portion of the entertainment that Margaret Shippin shone. A spacious field, surrounded by troops, had been prepared for the contest. Upon one side was stationed at the head of the music in the army. There were two pavilions, with rows of benches, one above the other, filled with the most distinguished ladies of the city.

On the front seat of each of these pavilions were placed seven of the most beautiful young ladies Pennsylvania could boast. They were dressed in Turkish costume—trowsers, tunics and turbans—and in their turbans they wore the favors with which they intended to reward the knights who were to come in their hour. Among these lovely maidens sat Miss Margaret Shippin. One of the knights who figured in the tournament was Captain Andre, her familiar acquaintance. A sparrow could either of them have thought, on this bright day, how fatally their destinies were involved.

The trumpet sounded. The herald appeared. The challenge was delivered, and the contest occurred, which ended without less of blood, to the satisfaction of all concerned. At the conclusion of the tournament the company were ushered into a magnificent ball room, decorated, we are told, by eighty-five mirrors, and lighted by thirty-four branches of wax candle. The ball was opened by four bells in Turkish dress, and their fourteen mates—one Lieutenant Shippin being the knight who led Miss Shippin onto the dance. At ten o'clock the windows were thrown open, and a splendid display of fireworks was exhibited.

At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, which revealed a gorgeous saloon, two hundred and ten feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty two feet high, with three alcoves on each side. This was the supper room. Upon the tables were twelve hundred dishes. As the guests entered the room, the greater number of black slaves in Oriental costume, ranged in two lines, bowed to the ground. This vast apartment was one splendor of wax lights, flowers, ribbons, flags, mirrors and silver plate. One of the regular toasts of the occasion was, "Miss Shippin and her knight." After supper, the company returned to the ball room, and kept up the dance until four in the morning, reaching their homes about sunrise.

The festival, as Major Andre remarks, was the most gorgeous ever given by an army to its chief. And little, indeed, had that chief done to deserve it. An old officer of the British army, who perceived the folly of paying such extravagant honors to a general who had won no victories, said sadly: "What will Washington think of all this?"

Exactly a month from that day the British army evacuated Phila-

delphia, and away they sped across Jersey, with General Washington at their heels. A day or two after a body of American troops marched in, commanded by General Benedict Arnold. All was changed. The red coats had disappeared—blue coats were in the ascendancy; and the new Yankees general was the most popular man in the city.

Arnold, a vain, weak man, ever fond of display and luxury, appropriated one of the handsomest houses in the town, where he set up a costly establishment, kept a great many servants, gave splendid dinners, and maintained a handsome equipage drawn by four horses—a scale of expense entirely incompatible with either his fortune or his pay. No one, however, knew at the time that, to maintain this costly pomp, he was concerned in speculations unworthy of an officer and gentleman, and sometimes used the public money to pass through his hands.

In inviting his guests, as the patriotic portion of the people remarked with surprise, he was as likely to select Tories as Whigs. He seemed to court the adherents of the King, and he frequently had at his table the wives and daughters of public enemies, who had been publicly proscribed, and had found refuge with the enemy in New York. Among the families who attracted his regard was that of Edward Shippen, and he was soon observed to pay particular court to his daughter, Margaret. Arnold was then a widower, thirty-eight years of age. He longed for a young lady highly approved, and did accordingly. But after she plunged in, into one of ten more less beautiful young men plucked after her, and the tenth remained and shed tears, they were all picked up and restored dripping to the deck. The beautiful young lady, on seeing them, said: "What am I to do? See what a pity they are!" And I can possibly choose, because every one of them is equally wretched." Then said my friend the captain, acting under a sudden inspiration, take the dry one." I am sorry to say did so, and they lived happy ever afterward.—Charles Dickens.

Mr. Smalley writes to *The Tribune* about a famous book sale in London during the first week of June. The books belonged to Mr. Perkins, a brewer, of London, who has long been collecting a small library of rare and valuable old books. Among these were two Mazarin Bibles, one printed on vellum and the other on paper, and bearing the name of Cardinal Mazarin, because the first copy known to bibliographers of the edition to which it belonged was found in his library. "This Bible," says Mr. Smalley, "the double distinction of being probably the first copy of the Latin Bible and the first book printed with metal types by Gutenberg and Faust." The vellum copy was started at one thousand guineas, and was bid off within six minutes by Mr. Ellis, a London bookseller, for £21,500. The paper copy was purchased by Mr. Quinch for £13,450. An English manuscript, Lydgate's "Seige of Troy," brought £6,000, and the whole collection £65 lots £130,000, the largest amount ever realized for the same number of volumes.

The Chinese, in their protest to the supervisor of San Francisco against the order to clip the hair of the Chinamen in the county jail, say: "Laws, designed not to punish guilt and crime, nor yet to protect the lives and property of the innocent, have been created and executed discriminating against the Chinese; and now the Hon. Board of Supervisors of this city propose still further to afflict us, by what seems to us most unjust, most oppressive, and most *barbarous* enactments. If these encroachments are the legitimate offspring of the American civilization and of the religion, you can hardly wonder if the Chinese people are somewhat slow to embrace the one and adopt the other."

John A. Jackson, of the Lake City, claims that he has the biggest blooded calf in the world. The animal was purchased from the herd of W. S. King, of Minneapolis, and shipped to Lake City, over the M. & St. P. R. R. The company presented a freight bill for the transportation of 2,000 lbs. of calf flesh, and as railroad companies never make a mistake or overcharge, Mr. Jackson thinks his claim will not be disputed.

A poor dog is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to be led at the breakfast table with Hamilton, Lafayette and an aid. In the midst of the meal a horseman alighted at the door; and, a moment later, a letter was placed in Arnold's hands, which informed him of his ruin. He controlled his countenance, rose quietly from the table, and buckled his wife to follow him. They went up stairs to their room, where lay their sleeping child; and there he told her that he was a ruined man, and must fly that instant for his life. She fell senseless to the floor, there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open store, but he removes it by suddenly observing that he never saw a boot fit quite as good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or you have not started right, and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up in it, and he throws a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. And so you pound down your foot, and partly try yourself up, and your eyes stink in an unpleasant manner, and every vein in your body appears to be on the point of bursting, and all the while that dealer stands around and eyes the operation as intensely as if the whole affair was perfectly new and novel to him. When your foot has finally struck the bottom, there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open store, but he removes it by suddenly observing that he never saw a boot fit quite as good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or you have not started right, and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up in it, and he throws a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. The man who keeps him leads him in to suffer semi-aphyxia a dozen times a day, and the fool of a dog wags his tail and licks his master's hand after each performance. Moral?

The Missouri editors at their late convention formally resolved that a man has the same right to walk into a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar or sack of coffee, or into a law office and demand a legal opinion from its occupant, or into an undertaker's and request a coffin, without expecting to pay for their respective wares or services, asinto a newspaper office and demand the use of its brains and muscles and type, without a thought of compensation.

The indutential opera glass which Captain John Smith had in his pocket when Powhatan was going to meet him has been sent to the office for exhibition.—Detroit Free Press.

he said, burst into the room dressed on and shoemakers generally.

THE DRY OAK.

On a certain voyage out, in quite Summer weather, we had for cabin passengers one beautiful young lady, and ten more or less beautiful young gentlemen. Light winds or dead calms prevailing, the voyage was slow. They had made half their distance when the ten young gentlemen were all madly in love with the beautiful young lady. They had all proposed to her, and bloodshed among the rivals seemed imminent, pending the lady's decision. In this extremity the beautiful young lady confided in my friend the captain who gave her discreet advice. He said: "If your affections are disengaged, take that one of the young men whom you like the best, and settle the question." "I can't do that, because I like them all equally well." My friend who was a man of resource, but upon his ingenuity expedient; said he: "To-morrow when lunch is announced, go to your plough to the board, head forward. I will be alongside in a boat to rescue you, and take the one out of ten who rushes to your rescue, and then you can afterward have him."

The authorities of Pennsylvania had been informed by Mr. Burr, to whom the young lady had confided in him, that she was a traitor. Her papers were seized by General Washington, and her ancestors were among the first settlers in Pennsylvania, and her great-grandfather was the first Mayor of Philadelphia. In the course of time the family had acquired great possessions, and laying aside their Quaker garb, became members of the Church of England. During the controversy between the thirteen colonies and the King, which ended in the Revolutionary war, Edward Shippen, her father, the head of the family, was destined to the King's side.

"From the known humanity of your Excellency, I am induced to ask your protection of Mrs. Arnold from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall on me, on one who is good and innocent as an angel, and as incapable of doing wrong."

The authorities of Pennsylvania had been informed by Mr. Burr, that she was a traitor. Her papers were seized, and although nothing was found in them to criminate her, she was not permitted to remain at her father's house, which she said she did to do.

Her father offered to give security that, during the war, she would write to her husband, and send to the government, unopened, any letters she might receive from him. His offer was refused, and they ordered her to depart, and not to return during the war.

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STILLWATER
Business Directory

Attorneys.

MCCLELLAN & MARSH.
Practice at the Courts of the State, Office, 117
Staples are to be found.

O. H. COMFORT.
Attorney at Law, Office with B. R. Murdoch.

CORNMAN & LECKY.
Attorneys at Law and Real Estate and Insurance
Agents, Holcomb's Block.

E. G. BUTTS.
Attorney at Law, and Insurance Agent,
Corner Church and Second Streets.

H. R. MURDOCK.
Attorney at Law and Lawyer in Real Estate.

Banking.

FIRST NATIONAL.
Miss Minn. President, Hon. Charles Schlesinger, Vice
President, George F. Nichols, Issues Bills of Exchange
payable in the principal Banking Business.

Lumbermen's National Bank.
Lynn M. President, W. H. Cawley, Cashier,
C. H. Cawley, Vice President, W. H. Cawley,
Treasurer. Collections in all parts of the United States
promptly forwarded.

Books and Stationery.

A. C. LULL.
Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Newspapers, Wall
Paper, Stationery, Advertising, &c.

Butlers.

JOHN W. WESTSIDE.
Plasterer, 100 Main Street, Residence, Plus
Third Floor above Paul's, June 17

ARTHUR STEPHENS.
British Lavor and Painter, Residence corner Hol-
comb and Second Streets.

W. M. WILLIAMS.
Money Master and Boxes Manufacturer, Residence,
Fourth and Second Streets.

G. W. B. BODDIE.
Contractor and Builder, Residence, corner of Third
and Pine streets.

Brokers.

HERMAN TEPPAS.
Broker, General establishment in the city.

MARTIN WOLFF.
Broker, south end of Main Street.

G. K. KNAPP.
Broker, near the Depot, Schlesinger's Addition.

County Officers.

SUDOLPH LEINICKS. - Auditor,
M. J. CANNON, - Sheriff,
W. H. SHEPPARD, - Treasurer,
A. M. DODD, - Register of Deeds,
D. C. TUTTLE, - Clerk of Court
HARVEY E. LIMON, - Clerk of Court
J. C. COOPER, - Surveyor,
A. VAN YDREN, - Court Commissioner,
A. B. COOPER, - Court Commissioner,
S. L. COVAN, - Court Commissioner,
J. S. COOPER, - Court Commissioner,
JESSE ROULE, - County Commissioner,
J. S. COOPER, - County Commissioner,
JAS. MIDDLETON, - County Commissioner,
W. H. M. MURDOCK, - Co. Attorney,
W. H. M. MURDOCK, - County Physician,
W. H. M. MURDOCK, - Clothing.

S. S. SELLICK.
Dealer in Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing
Goods, Books, Shoes, Hat, Caps, &c.

J. E. SCHLENK.
Currier and Gouger, Manufacturer of Boys' Tail-
oring, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Goods, &c.

City Government.

DURANT & WHEELER.
Dealers in Loin and Luster. Orders promptly
filled.

Dry Goods.

W. E. THORNE.
Dealer in General Goods and Carpets, Main
street.

Druggists.

H. M. CHANDALL.
Dealer in all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Perfum-
ery, &c. and in all kinds of Compounders. 14
Dealers south of Minnesota Avenue.

K. KAUFMANN.
Worshipper, Druggist, and dealer in all kinds
of Drugs and Medicines, Bath, Holcomb's Block
Main street.

Furniture.

H. S. WILCOX.
Manufacturer, Dealer in and manufacturer of all kinds
of Furniture, Bedsteads, &c. &c.

General Merchandise.

Schupp & Schutze.
Dealers in General Merchandise, Holcomb's Block,
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Torius, Staples & Co.
Dealers in General Merchandise and Loin and
Luster.

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Mower, Black, Chestnut street, A large and com-
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The Messenger.
SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.
For Governor.
CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
Of Ramsey.
For Lieutenant Governor.
ADOLPH BARTO,
Of Stearns.
For Secretary of State.
S. J. JENISON,
Of Chisago.
For State Treasurer.
MONS GRINAGER,
Of Freeborn.
For Attorney General.
GEORGE P. WILSON,
Of Winona.

THE WORLD MOVES.

Of this fact we are becoming more and more convinced every day. Another event has taken place across the Atlantic which convinces us that the "good time is coming" though we may have to "wait a little longer." We refer to the resolution adopted in the British House of Commons, asking her Majesty's government to communicate with foreign powers with a view of establishing arbitration as a permanent resort for the settlement of difficulties between nations. Although the motion was carried by but one majority, still the very fact that it was carried at all, indicates a healthy public sentiment, especially so soon after the heat engendered by the Geneva award.

FRANCE.

France is paying off the last half billion of its mountainous war debt. It has had wonderful success in doing this, and in doing it, she teaches a great lesson to all the world. France keeps her promises as a nation, no matter how brief the government may be that makes them. Though seemingly so thoroughly crushed at the close of the war with Prussia, France has been able to borrow all the money she wanted. She has been able to borrow it because the poorest peasant, as well as the wealthiest banker, know that she would never repudiate her financial obligations. Capital is an excellent thing, but what is capital without credit? Nations as well as individuals find out to their cost that without capital is often worth more than capital without credit.

LETTERS FROM FORT GARRY.

The proceedings in the Gordon kidnapping case are at last closed, and all the prisoners have been committed for trial at the October term of the Queen's Bench. The counsel for the prisoners has filed an application for bail, but it is not believed that the application will be granted. Strong efforts will be made for the release of Merriman. It is thought probable that the prisoners will be removed to Ottawa for trial. A change would without doubt be for the personal comfort of the prisoners, who, notwithstanding their unpleasant position, are plucky and in pretty good spirits.

The accounts stating that the prisoners are well treated, and are permitted to see their friends are pronounced untrue. Where the matter will end is not easy to foresee, or what the final result will be.

It is rumored that the British Minister at Washington has demanded the release of our Consul at Manitoba.

GEN. HOWARD.

Strong efforts are being made by some Democratic papers to bring the name of Gen. Howard into disrepute by accusing him of appropriating the funds of his department to his own use. Now Gen. Howard may not have shown the best taste in giving his name to and taking the Presidency of the University at Washington, which was erected in part with government funds. It may be that he construed the law in too liberal a manner in relation to the disbursement of the appropriations made for the Freedmen's Bureau, and without doubt he trusted too much to his subordinates. But we do not believe that any man, even his bitterest enemy, and meanest foe, who knows him personally, really believes he is a dishonest man. It is true there may have been irregularities in his department, but there have been defalcations in every department in which the public money has been handled.

In view of what many papers are saying about this, the public ought to know that there is in Washington a correspondent who has for some years been a persistent traducer of Gen. Howard. It was this same person who stirred up the Fernando Wood investigation, which attempted so much and achieved nothing. Moreover this man more than any other has been behind every charge brought against Gen. Howard since.

We do not claim to be posted in regard to the latest allegation of fraud in the Bureau, nor would we attempt to shield any one who is guilty of defalcation; but this we do say, that this Washington correspondent and his clique, whose dispatches are being devoured by those who are ever hungry to find something against Gen. Howard, never yet told the truth about him when they could help it.

Stillwater Messenger.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 47.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 931

WHAT WILL THE END BE?

There seems to be little doubt that Mr. Washburn was fairly nominated for Governor on the third ballot on the 16th inst. The vote on that ballot stood as follows as announced by the tellers:

Washburn 153, Davis 149, Austin 1, Scattering 4. When the result was announced there was considerable curiosity as to who "Scattering" was, he having received four votes, or three more than Gov. Austin. But supposing it to be all right, the analysis of the "Scattering" vote was not demanded.

It has since transpired, however, that the four votes were by mistake cast for W. W. Hillson for Attorney General, and should not have been counted. Had this fact been announced, the convention would without doubt have ordered those votes thrown out, in which case Mr. Washburn would have had a majority of all the votes cast, and would have been declared the nominee.

The assertion is on unquestionable authority, and has not been contradicted, though ample time has been given for its denial. It is now known, however, that the four votes were by mistake cast for W. W. Hillson for Attorney General, and should not have been counted.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1873.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

The blotted light of sunset was mirroring itself in crimson splashes in the turbid tides of the great western river; the blackbird was sounding its wild, shrill whistle through the old, primordial forests; and Jonathan Beers, sitting by his cabin door, smoked his solitary evening pipe, and thought vaguely of the church bells that used to ring at evening time in the far-off eastern village where he had been brought up, with the roar of Pemabot Bay in his ears.

"I'd like to hear these bells once again before I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it ain't likely I'll ever go back now."

Even while these disjointed meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stiffly starched pink calico, and his wife Dorothy came to the door.

"Tea's ready, munde, dear," said she. "And I've baked a real New England corn bread, and some ginger-snap, such as grandmama used to make. And see, uncle, I've sowed in the old red pouches from the tree you planted yourself on the south side of the hill. Israel Esmyne said it wouldn't grow, but it has. I mean to keep a saucern and a little crocus for Israel to-night, just to show him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and fork.

"Do you mean that Israel Esmyne is coming here to-night?"

"Yes, munde," said Dorothy, stooping to recover a teaspoon she had dropped—a slim teacup with an antique silver band carved on its handle—and coming up very fast from the scrub. "Why not?"

"Take care, Dotty. That's all?"

"Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you in your grave, where there's only one mound in the shadow of the church spire, than to see you married to a man who drinks! That's what I mean, Dotty."

Dorothy's head drooped over her plate.

"Uncle, that is hardly fair. Because a man had a bad habit once—"

"And it has now!"

The soft eyes glittered into a defiant flash.

"You are mistaken, uncle. Israel Esmyne has not touched a drop of ardent spirits in a year. He has promised me never to touch it again!"

"I hope he never will, my girl," said Jonathan Beers, although his tone betrayed no very sanguine feeling. "But it isn't a safe thing to do. It's a madman, love of liquor is, something short. It's liable to break out at any time. Israel Esmyne's a good fellow enough. I hadn't nothing agin him—but it's safe!"

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she asked herself, that men were so severe in judging one another? Why did they always look at the blackest and least promising side of every thing? Israel had promised her. She believed him, and that was enough.

And while she tripped lightly back and forth about her household duties, her mind was full of the undefined future. She could see herself, shadowy and undefined as a mirror, moving about a bright little home where flowers bloomed in the casements, and birds sang, and a clock ticked, "He is coming! He is coming!"

"One of these days?" said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the sace of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a white-scoured pantry shelf—one of these days!"

She was thinking of the future. And old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was living in the past.

"Ton's somethin' to do with the railroad, stranger, haven't you?"

"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmyne, indifferently. "I'm switchman."

"It don't take up much of your time I guess?"

"It's got to be looked after just the same, though," said the last Westerner, as he lifted the last monster leg from the cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile at the north end of his house.

"What time does the way train come by?"

"At nine o'clock?"

"Do you suppose I could go to Melleville and see the lumber dealers there, and get back to the station again by that time?"

Israel looked reflectively at the other shore of the river.

"Well, you right," said he, "but it would be a pretty tight squeeze!"

"I'm a good switcher," said the stranger; and as he spoke he drew a flat pocket flask from his pocket, uncorked it with his teeth, and drank a copious draught. Israel Esmyne watched him with eager, glittering eyes, like those of some fabled wild animal that scents blood.

"Have a drink, friend!" said the stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Esmyne shook his head, with set teeth and lividly pale cheek.

"I never drink," said he hotly.

"You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the stranger. "It's soft as silk, and strong as fire. My father imported it. He did not know whether he had locked

country. Taste, if you don't believe me!"

Israel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he cast an eager glance to the right and to the left, as if half fearful lest some one should see him, and grasping at the bottle—drank!

The fevered blood mounted to his temples; a strange sparkle came into his eyes.

"Have you got more like that?" he whispered, hoarsely, appraising his burning lips so closely to the man's ear that he involuntarily started. "More?"

"I've got another flask, but—"

"Will you leave it behind?" I'll pay you a good price for it."

"What for?"

Israel's eyes lit with guiltiness. In his sickness, you know, we can't buy such liquor for nothing!

He gulped, and thought vaguely of the church bells that used to ring at evening time in the far-off eastern village where he had been brought up, with the roar of Pemabot Bay in his ears.

"I'd like to hear these bells once again before I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it ain't likely I'll ever go back now."

Even while these disjointed meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stiffly starched pink calico, and his wife Dorothy came to the door.

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"One of these days?" said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the sace of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a white-scoured pantry shelf—one of these days!"

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"I never drink," said he hotly.

"You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the stranger. "It's soft as silk, and strong as fire. My father imported it. He did not know whether he had locked

the switches twice or once, or, good Heavens! not at all. The past was a swaying vacuum, the future strange and dream-like. He closed his eyes, he pressed his temples as if either hand had been born a vice of iron, in the wild agonizing effort to recall the last half-hour.

"Oh God!" he groaned aloud, as he threw himself on his face in the wet grass, "am I going mad?"

Something had struck against his breast bone as he flung himself down; it was the fatal flask. He tore it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—that had done all the mischief.

St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church of Belle Creek, Gooding, was dedicated on the 26th by Bishop Whipple, assisted by several clergymen of the Diocese. Rev. S. P. Chandler is the missionary in charge.

A man named Olson, accompanied by his three year old girl, was riding down the hill at Bush Creek, near Enterprise in Winona County.

Wednesday last, when the seat of his wagon tipped forward, throwing out, both out and the little girl was kicked by one of the horses.

The earth beneath his groaning body thrashed and quivered as the express train flew over the rails, and Israel Esmyne held his breath, momentarily expecting the awful crash which should stain his soul with the eternal brand of Cain.

Hush! All was hush after of the woods, the cry of some sawed timber night bird overhead, and then—another whistle, clear and ethereal. The express had passed through Harsley—passed through sound and sound! And Israel Esmyne, staggering to his feet, gazed around him—an instant, clutching vaguely at the air, and then fell unconscious.

"Uncle, he is coming to you. Oh, uncle, I know, I know that he was not dead!"

And the soft eyes of Dorothy Beers were the first thing Israel Esmyne saw as his soul came out of the world of shadows and oblivion, with old Jonathan leaning to his right just beyond.

"Tell me, Dotty," he gasped. "What was it?" The switch—?

"It was my girl did it," said the old man. "She come by, and she heard the freight a whistlin', and she see the switches wasn't right, nor no signal, nor nothing."

The switches were found on the track between Lanesboro and Wabona, and between Lanesboro and Rushford on Tuesday night, last, but were fortunately discovered in time to prevent damage.—Austin Register.

There were eight regularly organized celebrations in Gooding county on the Fourth, outside of the city of Red Wing, three of which were under the auspices of the Fatans of Harsley.

"I needed it," he said to himself. "I needed it. I didn't know how much until I tasted it. Just one more taste. It slips over one's palate like glass, so smooth, so rich, so full of strength. One more taste and then—"

When the clock struck nine the whistle of the way train sounded faint and far off; and Israel Esmyne rose uncertainly to his feet, the sickly, burning flames of the liquid flame had entered into his brain; the walls seemed to reel about him, the stars to swim in the great blue firmament overhead.

Nothing was real—all was faint and far off, and visionary. But the chains of habit are hard to shake off; and Israel had gone out at nine o'clock every night for a year. Groaning his way, and walking with slow, uncertain steps, he went, still clasping the partially crushed flask to his breast in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river below; he could see the rails of the track glistening in the faint starlight; and mechanically fumbling under a cluster of spice bushes for the switch key, he knelt down and stupidly fumbled them in his hands.

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A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

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"I'd like to hear them bells once again before I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it isn't likely I'll ever go back now."

Even while these disjointed meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stiffly striped pink calico, and his sister Dorothy came to the door.

"Tea's ready, uncle," said she. "And I've baked a real New England corn bread, and some ginger-snap, such as grandma used to make. And see, uncle, I've spread up the little red peach from the tree you planted yourself on the south side of the hill. Israel Esmyne said it wouldn't grow, but it has. I mean to keep a sconce full and a little cream for Israel to-night, just to show him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and fork.

"Do you mean that Israel Esmyne is coming here to-night?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dorothy, stooping to recover a teaspoon she had dropped—a slim teacup with an antique silver gild carved on its handle—and coming up very fast from the wash.

"Take care, Dorothy. That's all?"

"Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you in your grave in the new burying ground, where there's only one mound yet in the shadow of the church spire, than to see you married to man who drinks!"

Dorothy's head drooped over her plate.

"Uncle, that is hardly fair. Because a man had a bad habit once—"

"And has it now?"

The soft eyes glittered into a defiant flash.

"You are mistaken, uncle. Israel Esmyne has not touched a drop of ardent spirits in a year. He has promised me never to touch it again!"

"I hope he never will, my girl," said Jonathan Beers, although his tone betrayed his very sanguine feeling.

"But it isn't a safe thing to do. It's a man's love of liquor is, and nothing short. It's liable to break out at any time. Israel Esmyne's a good fellow enough. I know nothing again him—but it isn't safe."

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she asked herself, that men were so severe in judging one another? Why did they always look at the blackest and least promising side of every thing? Israel had promised her. She believed him, and that was enough.

And while she tripped her household duties, her mind was full of the undefined future. She could see herself, shadowed and undefined as a mirror, moving about a bright lit home where flowers bloomed in the casements, and birds sang, and a clock ticked, "He is coming! he is coming!"

"One of these days?" said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the sconce of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a white scoured pantry shelf—one of these days."

She was thinking of the future. And old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was living in the past.

"You've somethin' to do with the railroad, stranger, haven't you?"

"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmyne, indifferently. "I'm switchman."

"It don't take up much of your time I guess?"

"It's got to be looked after just the same, though," said the tall Westerner, as he lifted the last monster log from the cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile at the north end of his house.

"What time does the way train come by?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Do you suppose I could go to Mellenville and see the lumber dealers there, and get back to the station again by that time?"

Israel looked reflectively at the other shore of the river.

"Well, you might," said he, "but it would be a pretty tight squeeze!"

"I'm a good walker," said the stranger; and as he broke his pocket, snatched out a flat pocket flask, and drank a copious draught. Israel Esmyne watched him with eager, glittering eyes, like those of some finished wild animal that scents blood.

"Have a drink, friend?" said the stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Esmyne shook his head, with set teeth and livid pale cheeks.

"I never drink," said he honestly.

"You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the man; "soft as oil and strong as fire. My father imported it. He did not know whether he had locked the kind."

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The fevered blood mounted to his cheek; a strange spark came into his eyes.

"Have you got more like that?" he whispered, hoarsely, approaching his burning lips so closely to the man's ear that he involuntarily shut them.

"Something had struck against his breast bone as he flung himself down; it was the fatal flask. He took it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—that had done all the mischief."

"O God!" he groaned aloud, as he threw himself on his face in the wet grass, "am I going mad?"

Something had struck against his breast bone as he flung himself down; it was the fatal flask. He took it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—that had done all the mischief."

"O Heavily Father?" he cried aloud, in his great anguish, "if this please Thee to avert from me this awful curse of numbered death a thousand and one, and ought but one of my many friends in Red Wing Saturday evening."

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The earth heaved its groaning as the express train flew over the rails, and Israel Esmyne held his breath, momentarily expecting the awful crash which should stain his soul with the eternal brand of Cain.

Israel Esmyne crept back to his home, or rather the rude log cabin which was a sort of hostage that was to be freed from its foundations, holding the flat hot coke to him, and glancing round with furtive, wandering eyes.

"I need it," he said to himself; "I need it. I didn't know how much until I tasted it. Just one more taste. It slips over one's mouth like glass, so smooth, so rich, so full of strength. Our mouth and teeth!"

When the clock struck nine the whistle of the way train sounded faint and far off, and Israel Esmyne rose uncertainly to his feet. The scalding fumes of the liquid flame had entered into his brain; the walls seemed to reel about him, the stars to swim in the great blue firmament overhead. Rushing was real—all was faint and far off and visionary. But the chains of habit are hard to shake off; and Israel had gone out at nine o'clock every night for a year. Groping his way, and walking with slow, unsteady steps, he went, still clutching the partially emptied flask to his breast in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river below; he could see the rails of the track glistening in the faint starlight; and mechanically finding under a cluster of spice bushes for the switch he had knelt down and rapidly finished his last meal.

"It was my girl did it," said the old man. "She come by, and she heard the freight a whistling, and she see the switch won't right, nothing so solid, and nothing."

"Something's happened," says my girl. "Israel's been took ill, or dead!"

"Tell me, Duty," he gasped.

"How was it?" The switch—

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STILLWATER
Business Directory**Attorneys.**

MCGLECH & MARSH,
Practise in all the Courts of the State, Office in
Holmes' block.

O. H. CONTOFT,
Attorney at Law, Office with H. B. Murdoch,
Apt. 201.

CORNMAN & LUCKY,
Attorneys at Law, Estate and Insurance
Agents, Holmes' block.

E. G. BUTTS,
Attorney and General Land and Insurance Agent
Court of Appeals, Office in Holmes' block.

H. R. MURDOCK,
Attorney at Law and Doctor in Estate.

Banking.

FIRST NATIONAL
Bank, 10th and Main Streets, President, Louis H. Cudler, Charles N. Nelson,
A. M. Cudler, Vice-Pres., Joseph C. Cudler, Cashier, John C. Cudler,
A. M. Cudler, Secretary, John C. Cudler, Treasurer, John C. Cudler,
Capital \$100,000. Transacts a General Banking Business.

LAMBERTON'S NATIONAL BANK
Bank, 10th and Main Streets, President, John C. Cudler, Cashier, John C. Cudler,
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Bankers.
Bankers, 10th and Main Streets, President, John C. Cudler, Cashier, John C. Cudler,
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Books and Stationery.

A. C. LULL,
Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Newspapers, Wall
Paper, Stationery, Jewelry, Art, &c.

Builders.

JOHN WHITESTIDE,
Plastering and Ornamental Work, Residential, Pub-
lic, Commercial, Office, Store, Hotel, Apartment, Con-
struction, 10th and Main Streets.

ARTHUR STEPHENS,
Hotel Lavor and Painter, Residential, Con-
struction, 10th and Main Streets.

W. H. WILLIAMS,
Brick Layer and Painter, Residential, Con-
struction, 10th and Main Streets.

G. W. BATTLES,
Contractor and Builder, Residential, Con-
struction, 10th and Main Streets.

Brewers.

HERMAN TEPPAS,
Brewer, Old-established in the city.

County Officers.

HUBERT LEMMICK,
Auditor, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

MYRON SHEPPARD,
Treasurer, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

C. G. BURGESS,
Judge of Probate, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

J. H. DAVIS,
Judge of Court of Common Pleas, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

D. H. CONTOFT,
Surveyor, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

J. C. CORNMAN,
County Commissioner, J. C. Cudler, Clerk, J. C. Cudler.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1873.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Myrtle street sewer cost a trifle over \$1,100.

John C. Lillis has been awarded the contract of building the city hall at \$19,000.

F. L. Hatch, Bank Examiner for this State, paid our National Banks a visit yesterday, finding every thing regular.

The city treasury has been replenished within the past few weeks by \$100 paid in for the preservation of dogs.

M. Moffet's blacksmith shop has been resurfaced and is now being fitted. When completed it will present a much handsomer appearance than heretofore.

The sale of legs cut on the St. Croix band grant takes place opposite this city to-morrow, July 26, instead of Saturday, July 25, as the advertisement last week had it.

There was a lack of unanimity between two workmen employed at the St. Croix Mills this morning. After an interchange of sentiments and things bystanders interfered and the combatants resumed their avocations, but little the worse for the meeting.

Some German women residing on Myrtle street, not far above the church, indulged in hair-pulling and choice Teutonic invectives on Tuesday evening. The "kinder" were the cause of the unhappy feeling, and they participated in the affray by hurling stones at the leading belligerents. No arrests.

CAL. WAGNER'S MUSICALS.

As announced last week this renowned troupe appear at Hersey & Staples' Hall next Thursday evening. From all we can learn, this troupe is stronger than ever before, and will doubtless be greater than a full house.

EXCURSION TO WHITE BEAR.

The Sabbath School of the Myrtle street Presbyterian church are to have an excursion to White Bear Lake next Thursday, leaving at 8 o'clock and returning on the evening train. Tickets for the round trip, 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children.

IMPORTANT LAW CASE.

The case of John G. Mold v. E. W. Holman, submitted at the adjourned term of Court this week, is likely to attract considerable attention before its conclusion, it being virtually a test case as to the right of a borrower who has paid more than the legal rate of interest to recover such excess.

BAILED.

Mark Sprague, who was bound over to the District Court in default of bail, on a charge of stealing money from a banker at the Library House, has been released, his aged parents, who till the soil in Blue Earth county, having mortgaged their farm for \$500, which they sent to the Clerk of Court as a wager that their hopeful son would make his appearance when wanted.

NEW HOTEL.

Geo. H. Gray, well known to all residents of the St. Croix Valley as a hotel keeper of the first water, has leased the upper stories of the Wolf & Tanner block on Main street, over Moore & Kinsella's store. The building is 30 feet wide by 90 deep, and contains 28 rooms, clean, light, airy, and well furnished, and is to be opened in a few days. Though opened but a few days ago, it is already filled, and travelers frequently have to seek accommodations elsewhere. Terms, \$2 per day.

PREPARED FOR LOW WATER NAVIGATION.

For or two or three days past we have seen a number of steamers making short trips up the Lake in front of our city. The craft is quite a novelty in itself. No steam is used, the motive power being, instead, which is situated in the center of the boat. There two shafts, two crank and a fly. The boy is what makes the boat go. This steamer was on the lake yesterday, and besides its propeller, there were four passengers. We do not know whether this boat belongs to any particular line but we wish it success.

NARROW ESCAPES.

The workmen engaged in taking down the front of Holcombe's block, had a narrow escape yesterday afternoon. In attempting to move the slide on which the stones were conveyed to the ground, while standing on the first staging, the supports gave way and the upper slide fell, precipitating John Welch, Daniel Hagan and two others whose names we could not learn, to the ground, a distance of fifteen or eighteen feet. The two last were uninjured, but the first, though bruised, had a cut on his head which required a few stitches.

A resolution was unanimously adopted authorizing the purchase of this property at the terms specified.

The capital stock was fixed at \$10,000 or 220 shares at \$50 each.

D. M. Sabin, F. Schleburg, F. C. Cutler, Wm. McKusick and J. N. Caswell were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions to the capital stock.

Adjourned to Wednesday evening, July 23.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 22.

BIDS FOR CITY HALL.

Pursuant to notice the Council proceeded to open the bids for erection of the proposed City Hall. The bids were as follows:

Pratt & Co., St. Paul, \$28,000.

W. F. Farrel, " 26,000.

John Altman & Co., " 26,000.

John C. Lillis, Stillwater, " 10,000.

Thos Sinclair, " 10,000.

John C. Lillis, " 10,000.